MIRROR'S EDGE™

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WILDSTORM

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THERE'S A MOMENT...
...ON THE ARCH OF A JUMP, WHEN YOU ARE NEITHER RISING NOR FALLING.
ALL YOU CAN SEE IS THE SKY. ALL YOU CAN FEEL IS THE AIR AND ALL YOU CAN HEAR IS YOUR OWN HEARTBEAT.
THAT IS ALL YOU ARE.
MUSCLE AND MOTION.
IT'S CALLED THE DEADPOINT.

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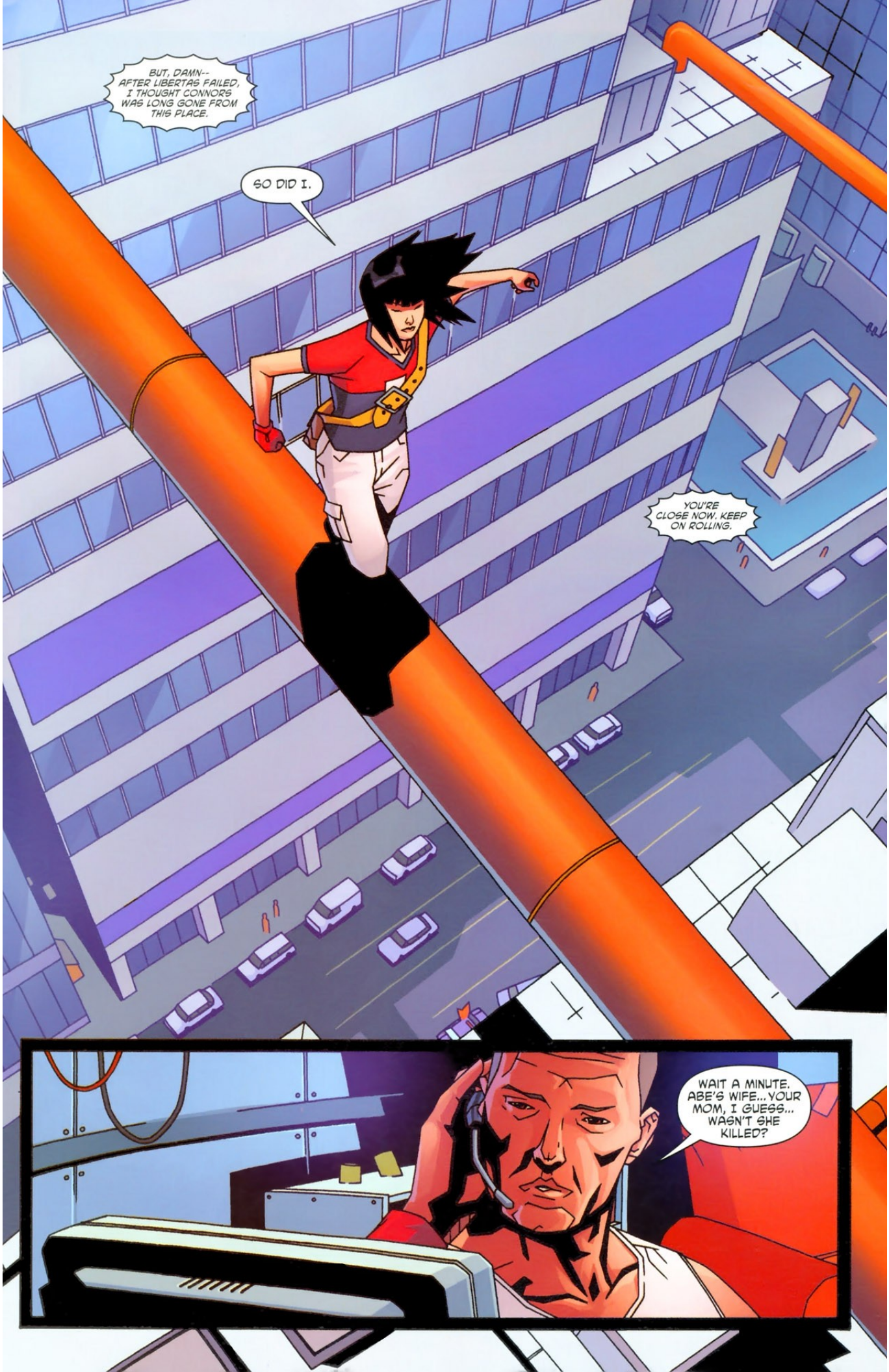
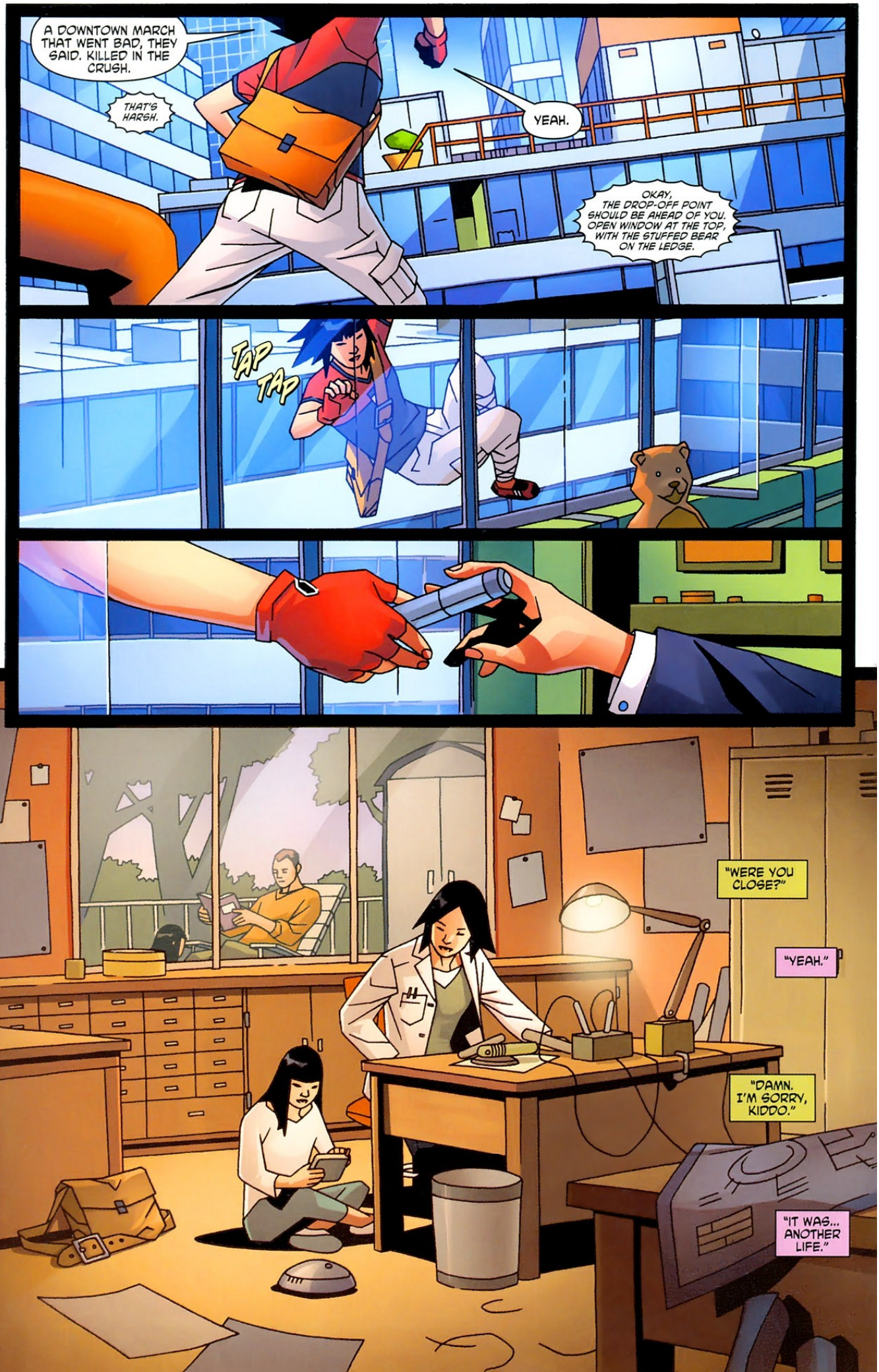
YOU OKAY, FAITH? YOU'RE QUIET OUT THERE.
SORRY, MERC. JUST THINKING.
'BOUT THOSE SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS?
YEAH.
"WELL, THINK OUT LOUD, WOULD YOU?
"I'M ON DOUBLE SHIFTS AND MY CUP OF JOE AIN'T KICKED IN YET.
"WHY'D ANYONE BE INTERESTED IN YOUR PA?"

HE'S ABRAHAM CONNORS.
NO WAY. DR. ABE CONNORS? THAT'S YOUR FATHER? YOU'RE KIDDIN', RIGHT?
WISH I WAS.
WAIT.
TAKE A RIGHT. BLUES GOT A TRAFFIC STOP ON 8TH. KEEP OUT OF THEIR RANGE.
GOT IT.
I REMEMBER HIM. YEAH, THERE WAS HIM AND POPE... THAT REYNOLDS GUY, RIGHT? ONLY PEOPLE THAT REALLY STOOD UP TO THIS PLACE.
YEAH. MY DAD POURED EVERYTHING INTO LIBERTAS. EVEN GAVE UP HIS PRACTICE.
FIGHTING THIS CITY... THE CHANGES. IT BECAME THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD TO HIM.
NOT MUCH TIME FOR FAMILY.
HE TOOK US ON MARCHES. ME, MY MOM... MY SISTER KATE.
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN JUST KIDS.
YEAH. I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MUCH ABOUT ANYTHING BACK THEN.
BUT AT LEAST WE WERE TOGETHER.


BUT, DAMN-- AFTER LIBERTAS FAILED, I THOUGHT CONNORS WAS LONG GONE FROM THIS PLACE.
SO DID I.
YOU'RE CLOSE NOW. KEEP ON ROLLING.
WAIT A MINUTE. ABE'S WIFE... YOUR MOM, I GUESS... WASN'T SHE KILLED?


A DOWNTOWN MARCH THAT WENT BAD, THEY SAID. KILLED IN THE CRUSH.
THAT'S HARSH.
YEAH.
OKAY, THE DROP-OFF POINT SHOULD BE AHEAD OF YOU. OPEN WINDOW AT THE TOP, WITH THE STUFFED BEAR ON THE LEDGE.
TAP TAP
"WERE YOU CLOSE?"
"YEAH."
"DAMN. I'M SORRY, KIDDO."
"IT WAS... ANOTHER LIFE."

BUT, HEY, I MEAN, LIBERTAS, THAT'S LONG GONE. YOU'VE ONLY GOTTA LOOK AROUND YOU TO SEE HOW MUCH OF AN IMPACT THAT DIDN'T MAKE.
WHY WOULD ANYONE BE INTERESTED IN ABE CONNORS NOW?
NO IDEA.
OKAY. IT'S DONE.
HEY, NICE WORK. THAT WASN'T THE EASIEST OF ROUTES FOR YOUR FIRST OFFICIAL RUN.
WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU DIDN'T TRAIN ME.
AND TRAIN ME. AND TRAIN ME.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, KIDDO.
HEY--NOW YOU'RE A REAL RUNNER, YOU NEED TO GET YOURSELF TAGGED UP.
I WILL, I WILL. LOOK. I NEED TO GO SEE SOMEONE, MERC. I'LL BE OFF COMMS FOR A BIT.
YOU AIN'T DOING SOMETHING STUPID, ARE YOU?
PROBABLY.
LOOK, DON'T WORRY. I'LL CHECK IN LATER.

SO YOU REALLY DID IT, KATE...

FAITH!

I'M STILL IN TRAINING, FAITH. I CAN'T BE SEEN WITH YOU.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
COULD SAY THE SAME THING ABOUT YOU...
... THE CPF, KATE? YOU ACTUALLY DID IT!
DON'T YOU START!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?
COME ON. WAKE UP, FAITH. THIS CITY ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.
THAT'S FOR SURE. WHAT WOULD MOM AND DAD SAY?
DON'T PRETEND YOU GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THEM, FAITH.
YOU LEFT, REMEMBER? YOU'RE HARDLY FOLLOWING IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS EITHER.
I'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE THAT DO.
DO YOU KNOW WHY THE CPF WAS FORMED, FAITH?
SO YOU COULD LOOK GOOD WITH A GUN?
TO STOP ANYTHING LIKE THE RIOTS EVER HAPPENING AGAIN.
LOOK, I JUST NEED TO KNOW WHERE DAD IS.
WHY?
I JUST NEED TO.

I'VE GOT NO IDEA, FAITH. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR MONTHS.
GUESS *HE* DIDN'T LIKE MY CHOICE OF CAREER, EITHER.
LOOK... IF YOU WANT TO FIND DAD... TRY *HOAGY'S.*
THAT OLD PLACE. IT'S STILL THERE?
YES. WELL, SORT OF.
LOOK, FAITH, YOU HAVE TO...
...GO.

THEY CALL THIS PLACE OLD TOWN NOW.
I USED TO CALL IT HOME.
OLD TOWN AND NEW CITY.
NEW CITY--A SHINING PARASITE BURROWING ITS WAY OUT OF AN OLD AND WEARY HOST. GRADUALLY TAKING IT OVER.
OLD TOWN IS WHAT WE CALL THE POCKETS THAT ARE STILL LEFT.
CUT OFF FROM MOST OF THE BENEFITS GIVEN TO NEW CITYERS.
IT USED TO BE A GOOD PLACE. NOW IT'S JUST SELF-RUN GHETTOS AND SHABBY STREETS.
BUT IT'S STILL HOME TO A LOT OF OUR CLIENTS. THOSE WHO GOT PUSHED ASIDE BY THIS CITY. SWEPT INTO THE CRACKS.
REGULAR OLD COMMUNICATION ISN'T AN OPTION FOR THEM ANY MORE.
THEY CAN'T CROSS NEW CITY LIKE THE RUNNERS CAN.

HOAGY'S--
--BUT NOT THE ONE I REMEMBER.
HOAGY'S
YOU THE ENTERTAINMENT?
NO.
YOU SHOULD BE.

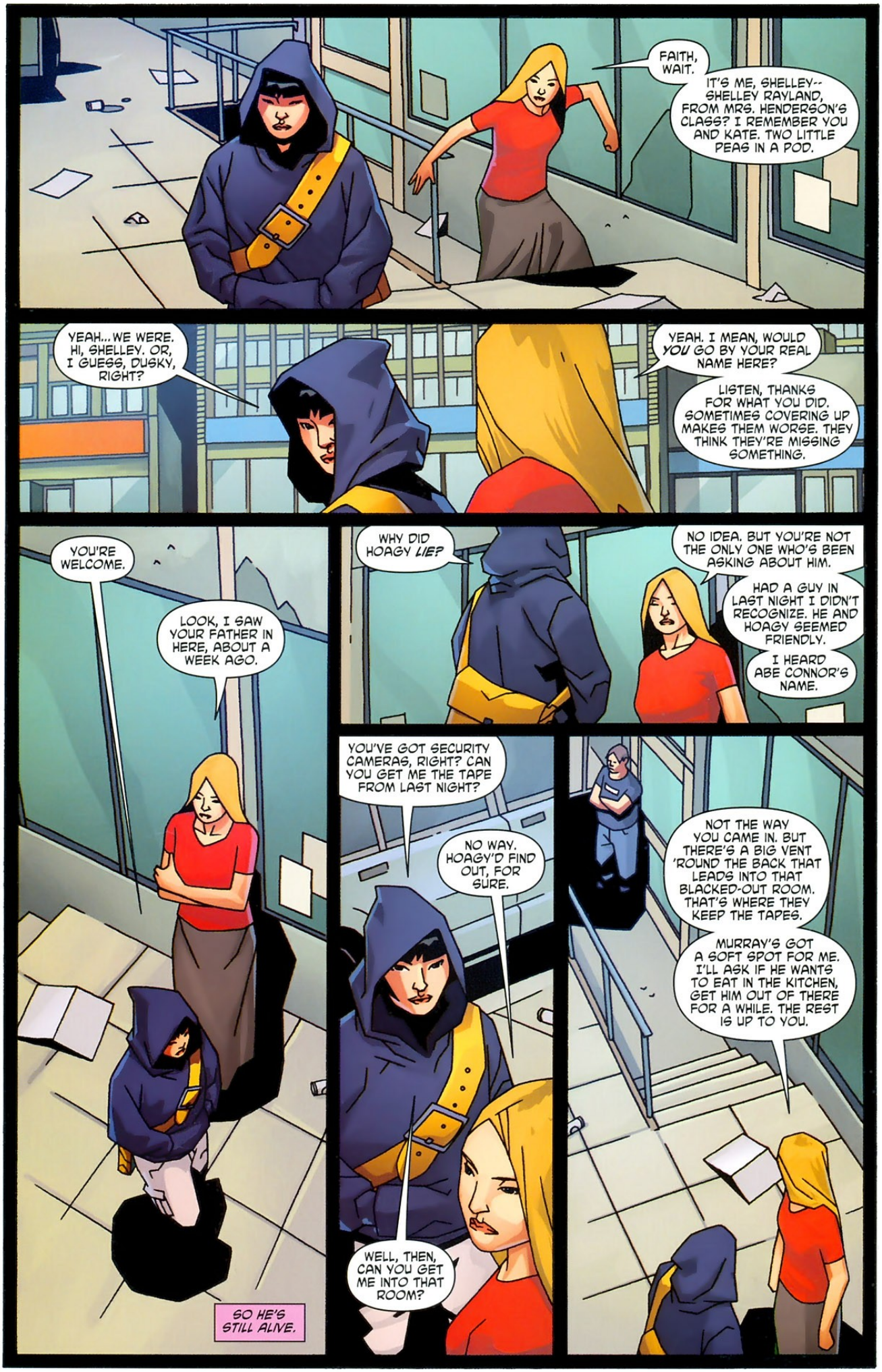
HOAGY?
HEY! KATE... KATE? YOU'RE ABE'S GIRL, RIGHT?
YEAH, BUT I'M THE OTHER ONE. FAITH.
I NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MY FATHER.
LOOK, COME ROUND BACK. CAN'T HARDLY HEAR YOU OVER THIS RACKET.
DUSKY, KEEP 'EM IN LINE, WILL YOU?
SURE, HOAGY.
HEY, MURRAY, JUST GOING TO HAVE A CHAT WITH THIS YOUNG LADY. EVERYTHING OKAY?
YEAH, YEAH. NOT MUCH ACTION, YET.
AH, THINGS'LL PICK UP ONCE THE ENTERTAINMENT GETS HERE.
SURE, SURE.

THIS PLACE HAS... CHANGED.
WELL, YOU KNOW. TIMES ARE TOUGH. PEOPLE GOT NEEDS. OLD TOWN'S ALL ABOUT NEEDS NOW.
HEY, PETE, GO WASTE YOUR LIVER SOMEWHERE ELSE. YOU'RE MAKING THE PLACE LOOK UNTIDY.
SO KATE--FAITH. NEVER COULD TELL YOU TWO GIRLS APART. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
HAVE YOU SEEN MY FATHER LATELY?
ABE? NO. WHY WOULD YOU THINK I'D SEEN HIM?
WELL, THIS WAS ONE OF HIS HAUNTS. ESPECIALLY AFTER MOM DIED.
BACK WHEN IT WAS A LITTLE LESS... LIVELY.
AH YEAH, CRYING SHAME THAT-- CRYING SHAME.
TALENTED LADY, THAT ERIKA. BUT NO, FAITH. HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR DAD IN YEARS.
I REALLY NEED TO FIND HIM, HOAGY.
SORRY I CAN'T BE OF MORE HELP. LOOK, IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE, I'VE GOT TO GET GOING, KATE... I MEAN, FAITH. PLACE LIKE THIS DOESN'T RUN ITSELF.
SURE.
YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF OUT, RIGHT?
YEAH. TAKE IT EASY, HOAGY.

COME ON, DUSKY. WHEN ARE WE GOING TO SEE YOU UP ON THAT BAR?
SERIOUSLY. LET GO OF ME, PETE. YOU REEK.
WHY DON'T YOU AND ME GO INTO ONE OF THOSE ROOMS, *huh?* GIVE MURRAY SOMETHING ***JUICY*** TO RECORD?
COME ON, WHY DON'T YOU SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT UNDER THAT SKIRT, *huh?*

PETE, PLEASE... DON'T...
NUURRRGGG
HEY! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING TO MY CUSTOMERS, FAITH?
HANK! GET DOWN HERE. WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS. DAMMIT, WHY ARE YOU MAKING TROUBLE FOR ME, FAITH?
NO, LOOK, SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP ME!
WHAT, BY KNOCKING OUT ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS?
HANK, GET HER OUT OF HERE!
THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T THE ENTERTAINMENT.


FAITH, WAIT.
IT'S ME, SHELLEY-- SHELLEY RAYLAND, FROM MRS. HENDERSON'S CLASS? I REMEMBER YOU AND KATE. TWO LITTLE PEAS IN A POD.
YEAH... WE WERE. HI, SHELLEY. OR, I GUESS, DUSKY, RIGHT?
YEAH. I MEAN, WOULD *YOU* GO BY YOUR REAL NAME HERE?
LISTEN, THANKS FOR WHAT YOU DID. SOMETIMES COVERING UP MAKES THEM WORSE. THEY THINK THEY'RE MISSING SOMETHING.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
LOOK, I SAW YOUR FATHER IN HERE, ABOUT A WEEK AGO.
WHY DID HOAGY *LIE?*
NO IDEA. BUT YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S BEEN ASKING ABOUT HIM.
HAD A GUY IN LAST NIGHT I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE. HE AND HOAGY SEEMED FRIENDLY.
I HEARD ABE CONNOR'S NAME.
YOU'VE GOT SECURITY CAMERAS, RIGHT? CAN YOU GET ME THE TAPE FROM LAST NIGHT?
NO WAY. HOAGY'D FIND OUT, FOR SURE.
WELL, THEN, CAN YOU GET ME INTO THAT ROOM?
NOT THE WAY YOU CAME IN. BUT THERE'S A BIG VENT 'ROUND THE BACK THAT LEADS INTO THAT BLACKED-OUT ROOM. THAT'S WHERE THEY KEEP THE TAPES.
MURRAY'S GOT A SOFT SPOT FOR ME. I'LL ASK IF HE WANTS TO EAT IN THE KITCHEN, GET HIM OUT OF THERE FOR A WHILE. THE REST IS UP TO YOU.
SO HE'S STILL ALIVE.

THIS MUST BE THE SOMETHING STUPID MERC WAS TALKING ABOUT...
COME TO THE KITCHEN, MURRAY. I'LL COOK YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE UP FOR DROPPING YOUR SANDWICH.
WHERE'S HOAGY?
BUSY IN HIS OFFICE. YOU CAN SPARE A FEW MINUTES, CAN'T YOU?
OKAY... SURE, LET'S GO. BUT JUST FOR YOUR CONSCIENCE, DUSKY--
--AND IT BETTER BE MAC'N' CHEESE.

NICE. REAL NICE, HOAGY.
REYNOLDS... AUSTEN REYNOLDS.
THINKING OF GETTING THE OLD LIBERTAS GANG BACK TOGETHER AGAIN?

SKIN JOB
PIERCING AND TATTOOS
"YOU BRING IT, WE INK IT"
TATTOOS
911
...TO BE CONTINUED...